

7.
the mad one

the mad one; the loon; straight out of a rubber room. she thought he was god, or jesus at least. and he wouldn't deny some spirit moved him. though it was more likely the devil than anything holy. she took him home to meet neurotic mom.

the winds howled. the sky was smeared purple. the ground crackled and steamed. he tried to jump her in a field of wheat but had to settle for her upstairs bedroom. his hands in her panties but not much else happened before her dad, a flaming psychotic

himself, came home and ran him off. what a loss to his floundering spiritual development.

8.
fun in the sun

the summer after graduation he hung around the beaches -- newport, huntington, seal -- hugging his rubber raft and praying the sun would bless him with bleached hair and the glossy bronze shoulders of a surfer. or just

looking cool in wrap-around shades, transistor radio in the sand. good god, the creatures that bathed there: divine sea nymphs in sheer bikinis, unhooking bras to tan their backs. and every now and then, a pinky nipple would wink, or a tuft of downy pubic hair pinched by tight elastic. even now, the

smell of cocoabutter drives him wild, conjuring visions of venus, sunburnt in a salty froth.